

THE
REHEARSAL,

As it is now Acted at the

Theatre-Royal.

The third Edition with Amendments and
large Additions by the Author.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Thomas Dring*, at the *Harrow* at the
Corner of *Chancery-lane* in *Fleet-*
street. 1675.

THEATRE-ROYAL.

The first Edition with Amendments and
large Addition to the former.

LONDON.

Printed for T. B. and W. D. in the Strand
at the Sign of the Golden Lion in the
Year 1752.

PROLOGUE.

WE might well call this short Mock-play of ours
A Poë made of Weeds instead of Flowers;
Yet such have been presented to your noses,
And there are such, I fear, who thought 'em Roses,
Would some of 'em were here, to see, this night,
What stuff it is in which they took delight.
Here brisk insipid Rogues, for wit, let fall
Sometimes dull sence: but oft'ner none at all:
There strutting Heroes, with a grim fac'd train,
Shall brave the Gods, in King Cambyles vein.
For (changing Rules, of late, as if men writ
In spite of Reason, Nature, Art and Wit)
Our Poets make us laugh at Tragedy,
And with their Cmoedies they make us cry.
Now, Critiques do your worst, that here are met;
For, like a Rook, I have head'd in my Est.
If you approve; I shall assume the state
Of those high-flyers whom I imitate:
And justly too, for I will teach you more
Than ever they would let you know before:
I will not only shew the feats they do,
But give you all their reasons for 'em too.
Some honour may to me from hence arise,
But if, by my endeavours, you grow wise,
And what you once so prais'd, shall now despise;
Then I'll cry out, swell'd with Poetic rage,
'Tis I, John Lacy, have reform'd your Stage.

THE

The Actors Names. PROLOGUE

B *Ayes.*
Johnson.

Smith.

Two Kings of Brentford.

Prince Pretty-man.

Prince Volscius.

Gentleman Usher.

Physician.

Drawcanfir.

General.

Lieutenant Genera

Cordelio.

Tom Thimble.

Fisherman.

Sun.

Thunder.

Players.

Souldiers.

Two Heralds.

Four Cardinals

Mayor.

Judges.

Serjeants at Arms.

Mutes.

Women.

Amaryllis.

Cloris.

Parthenope.

Pallas.

Lightning.

Moon.

Earth.

Attendants of Men and Women.

Scene Brentford.

THE

THE
Rehearsal.

ACTUS I. SCÆNA I.

Johnson and Smith.

Johns. **H**onest *Frank*! I'm glad to see thee with all my heart : how long hast thou been in Town?

Smi. Faith, not above an hour : and, if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out; for I long to talk with you freely, of all the strange new things we have heard in the Country.

Johns. And, by my troth, I have long'd as much to laugh with you, at all the impertinent, dull, fantastical things, we are tir'd out with here.

Smi. Dull, and fantastical! that's an excellent composition. Pray, what are our men of business doing?

Johns. I ne'er enquire after 'em. Thou knowest my humour lyes another way. I love to please my self as much, and to trouble others as little as I can : and therefore do naturally avoid the company of those solemn Fops; who, being incapable of Reason, and insensible of Wit and Pleasure, are always looking grave, and troubling one another, in hopes to be thought men of Business.

The Rehearsal.

Smi. Indeed, I have ever observed, that your grave lookers are the dullest of men.

Johns. I, and of Birds, and Beasts too: your gravest Bird is and Owl, and your gravest Beast is an Ass.

Smi. Well; but how dost thou pass thy time?

Johns. Why, as I use to do; eat and drink as well as I can, have a she-Friend to be private with in the afternoon, and sometimes see a Play: where there are such things (*Frank*) such hideous, monstrous things, that it has almost made me forswear the Stage, and resolve to apply myself to the solid nonsense of your Men of Business, as the more ingenio us pastime.

Smi. I have heard, indeed, you have had lately many new Plays; and our Country-wits commend 'em.

Johns. I, so do some of our City-wits too; but they are of the new kind of Wits.

Smi. New kind! what kind is that?

Johns. Why, your Virtuosi, your civil persons, your Drolls: fellows that scorn to imitate Nature; but are given altogether to elevate and surprise.

Smi. Elevate, and surprise! pr'ythee make me understand the meaning of that.

Johns. Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter: I don't understand that myself. 'Tis a phrase they have got among them, to express their no-meaning by. I'll tell you, as near as I can, what it is. Let me see: 'tis Fighting, Loving, Sleeping, Rhyming, Dying, Dancing, Singing, Crying, and every thing, but thinking and Sence.

Mrs. Bayes *passes o'er the Stage.*

Bayes. Your most obsequious, and most observant, very servant, Sir.

Johns. God so, this is an Author: I'll fetch him to you.

Smi. No, pr'ythee let him alone.

Johns. Nay, by the Lord, I'll have him. [*Goes after him.* Here he is. I have caught him. Pray, Sir, now for my sake, will you do a favour to this friend of mine?

Bayes. Sir, it is not within my small capacity to do favours, but

but receive 'em; especially from a person that does wear the honourable Title you are pleas'd to impose, Sir, upon this. — Sweet Sir, your servant.

Smi. Your humble servant, Sir.

Johns. But wilt thou do me a favour, now?

Bayes. I, Sir: what is't?

Johns. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last Play.

Bayes. How, Sir, the meaning? do you mean the Plot?

Johns. I, I; any thing.

Bayes. Faith, Sir, the Intrigo's now quite out of my head; but I have a new one, in my pocket, that I may say is a Virgin: 't has never yet been blown upon. I must tell you one thing. 'Tis all new Wit; and tho I say it, a better than my last; and you know well enough how that took. In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot, and shew, ay, and pit, box and gallery, I gad, with any Play in *Europe*. This morning is its last Rehearsal, in their habits, and all that, as it is to be acted; and if you, and your friend will do it but the honour to see it in its Virgin attire; though, perhaps, it may blush, I shall not be asham'd to discover its nakedness unto you. — I think it is in this pocket [*Puts his hand in his pocket.*]

Johns. Sir, I confess, I am not able to answer you in this new way; but if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you; and I hope my friend will do so too.

Smi. Sir, I have no business so considerable, as should keep me from your company.

Bayes. Yes, here it is. No, cry you mercy: this is my book of *Drama Common places*; the Mother of many other Plays.

Johns. *Drama Common places*! pray what's that?

Bayes. Why, Sir, some certain helps, that we men of Art have found it convenient to make use of.

Smi. How, Sir, helps for Wit?

Bayes. I, Sir, that's my position. And I do here avèrr, That no man yet the Sun e'er shone upon, has parts sufficient to furnish out a Stage, except it were by the help of these my Rules.

4 *The Recordist.*
Johns. What are those Rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my first Rule is the Rule of Transversion, or *Regula Duplex*: changing Verse into Prose, or Prose into verse, *alternative* as you please.

Smi. Well; but how is this done by a Rule, Sir?

Bayes. Why, thus, Sir; nothing so easie when understood: I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere, for that's all one, if there be any Wit in't, as there is no book but has some, I Transverse it; that is, if it be Prose put it into Verse, (but that takes up some time) and if it be Verse, put it into Prose.

Johns. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, that putting Verse into Prose should be call'd Transprosing.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, 'tis a very good Notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

Smi. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own. 'tis so chang'd that no man can know it. My next Rule is the Rule of Record, by way of Table-Book. Pray observe.

Johns. We hearyou Sir: go on.

Bayes. As thus. I come into a Coffee-house, or some other place where witty men resort, I make as if I minded nothing; (do you mark?) but as soon as any one speaks, pop I slap it down, and make that, too, my own,

Johns. But, Mr. *Bayes*, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore, by force, what you have gotten thus by Art?

Bayes. No, Sir; the world's unmindful: they never take notice of these things.

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, among all your other Rules, have you no one Rule for invention?

Bayes. Yes, Sir; that's my third Rule that I have here in my pocket.

Smi. What Rule can that be, I wonder?

Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do; but presently turn over this Book, and there I have, at one view, all that *Perseus*,
Mon-

Montaigne, Seneca's Tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's lives, and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject: and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done.

Johns. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, this is as sure, and compendious a way of Wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sirs, if you make the least scruple of the efficacy of these my Rules, do but come to the Play-house, and you shall judge of 'em by the effects.

Sms. We'll follow you, Sir. [Exeunt.]

Enter three Players upon the Stage.

1 *Play.* Have you your part perfect?

2 *Play.* Yes, I have it without book; but I don't understand how it is to be spoken.

3 *Play.* And mine is such a one, as I can't guess for my life what humour I'm to be in: whether angry, melancholy, merry, or in love. I don't know what to make on't.

1 *Play.* Phoo! the Author will be here presently, and he'll tell us all. You must know, this is the new way of writing; and these hard things please forty times better than the old plain way. For, look you, Sir, the grand design upon the Stage is to keep the Auditors in suspense; for to guess presently at the plot, and the sence, tires 'em before the end of the first Act: now, here, every line surprises you, and brings in new matter. And, then, for Scenes, Cloaths and Dances we put 'em quiet down, all that ever went before us: and those are the things, you know, that are essential to a Play.

2 *Play.* Well, I am not of thy mind; but, so it gets us money, 'tis no great matter.

Enter Bayes, Johnson and Smith.

Bayes. Come, come in Gentlemen. Y^e are very welcome Mr. — a — Ha' you your part ready?

1 *Play.* Yes Sir.

Bayes. But do you understand the true humor of it?

1 *Play.* I, Sir, pretty well.

Bayes. And *Amarillis*, how does she do? Does not her Armor become her?

3 *Play.*

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Play. O, admirably!
Bayes. I'll tell you, now, a pretty conceipt. What do you think I make 'em call her anon, in this Play?

Smi. What, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I make 'em call her *Armarillis*, because of her Armor: ha, ha, ha.

Johns. That will be very well, indeed,

Bayes. Ay, it's a pretty little rogue; I know her face would set off Armor extreamly: and, to tell you true, I write that Part only for her. You must know she is my Mistress.

Johns. Then, I know another thing, little Bayes, that thou hast had her, I gad.

Bayes. No, I gad, not yet; but I'm sure I shall: for I have talkt bawdy to her already.

Johns. Hast thou, faith? Pr'ythee how was that?

Bayes. Why, Sir, there is, in the French Tongue, a certain Criticism, which, by the variation of the Masculine Adjective instead of the Feminine, makes a quite different signification of the word: as, for example, *Ma vie* is my life; but if, before *vie* you put *Mon* instead of *Ma*, you make it bawdy.

Johns. Very true.

Bayes. Now, Sir, I, having observ'd this, set a Trap for her, the other day in the Tiring-Room; for this said I, *Adieu bel Esperansa de ma vie*: (which I gad is very pretty) to which she answer'd, I vow, almost as prettily, every jot; for said she, *Songes a ma vie Monnseigneur*; whereupon I presently snapt this upon her; *Non, non, Madam—Songes vous a mon*, by gad, and nam'd the thing directly to her.

Smi. This is one of the richest Stories, Mr. Bayes, that ever I heard of.

Bayes. I, let me alone, I gad, when I get to 'em; I'll nick 'em, I warrant you: But I'm a little nice; for you must know, at this time, I am kept by another woman, in the City.

Smi. How kept? for what?

Bayes. Why, for a *Bau Gerson*: I am, I lackins.

Smi. Nay, then we shall never have done.

Bayes. And the Rogue is so fond of me, Mr. Johnson, that I vow to gad, I know not what to do with my self.

Johns.

Johns. Do with thy self; no; I wonder how thou canst make a shift to hold out, at this rate.

Bayes. O Devil, I can toil like a Horse; only, sometimes, it makes me melancholy: and then I vow to gad, for a whole day together, I am not able to say you one good thing if it were to save my life.

Smi. That we do verily believe, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. And that's the only thing, I gad, which mads me, in my Amours; for I'll tell you, as a friend, Mr. *Johnson*, my acquaintances, I hear, begin to give it out that I am dull; now, I am the farthest from it in the whole World, I gad; but only, forsooth, they think I am so, because I can say nothing.

Johns. Phoo pòx; That's ill natur'dly done of 'em.

Bayes. Ay gad, there's no trusting o' these Rogues; but — a — Come, let's sit down. Look you, Sirs; the chief hinge of this Play, upon which the whole Plot moves and turns, and that causes the variety of all the several accidents, which, you know, are the things in Nature that make up the grand refinement of a Play, is, that I suppose two Kings to be of the same place: as, for example, at *Brentford*; for I love to write familiarly. Now the people having the same relations to 'em both, the same affections, the same duty, the same obedience, and all that; are divided among themselves in point of devoir and interest, how to behave themselves equally between 'em: these Kings differing sometimes in particular; though, in the main, they agree. (I know w not whether I make my self well understood;)

Johns. I did not observe you, Sir: pray say that again.

Bayes. Why, look you, Sir, (nay, I beseech you, be a little curious in taking notice of this, or else you'll never understand my notion of the thing) the people being embarrast by their equal ties to both, and the Sovereigns concern'd in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own interest, as the good of the people; may make a certain kind of a — you understand me — upon which, there does arise several disputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that — In fine, you'll apprehend it better when you see it.

[Exit, to call the Players.

Smi.

Sm. I find the Author will be very much oblig'd to the Players, if they can make any sense out of this.

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. Now, Gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing. I have made a Prologue and an Epilogue, which may both serve for either: [that is, the Prologue for the Epilogue, or the Epilogue for the Prologue]: (do you mark?) nay, they may both serve too, I gad, for any other Play as well as this.

Sm. Very well. That's, indeed, Artificial.

Bayes. And I would fain ask your judgements, now, which of them would do best for the Prologue? For, you must know there is, in nature, but two ways of making very good Prologues. The one is by civility, by insinuation, good language, and all that, to — a — in a manner, steal your plaudit from the courtesie of the Auditors: the other, by making use of some certain personal things, which may keep a hank upon such censuring persons, as cannot otherways, A gad, in nature, be hindred from being too free with their tongues. To which end, my first Prologue is, that I come out in a long black Veil, and a great Huge Hang-man behind me, with a Furr'd-cap, and his Sword drawn; and there tell 'm plainly, That if, out of good nature, they will not like my Play, I gad, I'll e'en kneel down, and he shall cut my head off. Whereupon they all clapping — a —

Sm. I, But suppose they don't.

Bayes. Suppose! Sir, you may suppose what you please, I have nothing to do with your suppose, Sir; nor am not at all mortifi'd at it; not at all, Sir: I gad, not one jot, Sir. Suppose quoth a! — ha, ha, ha. *[Walks away.]*

Johns. Phoo! pry'thee, *Bayes*, don't mind what he says: he is a fellow newly come out of the Country, he knows nothing of what's the relish, here, of the Town.

Bayes. If I writ, Sir, to please the Country, I should have follow'd the old plain way; but I write for some persons of Quality, and peculiar friends of mine, that understand what Flame and Power in writing is: and they do me the right, Sir, to approve of what I do.

Johns.

Johns. I, I, they will clap, I warrant you; never fear it.

Bayes. I'm sure the design's good; that cannot be deny'd. And then, for language, I gad, I deſie 'em all, in nature, to mend it. Beſides, Sir, I have printed above a hundred ſheets of papyr, to inſinuate the Plot into the Boxes: and, withal, have appointed two or three dozen of my friends, to be ready in the Pit, who, I'm ſure, will clap, and ſo the reſt; you know, muſt follow; and then, pray, Sir, what becomes of your ſuppoſe? ha, ha, ha.

Johns. Nay, if the buſineſs be ſo well laid, it cannot miſs.

Bayes. I think ſo, Sir: and therefore would chuſe this to be the Prologue. For, if I could engage 'em to clap, before they ſee the Play, you know 'twould be ſo much the better; becauſe then they were engag'd: for let a man write never ſo well; there are, now-a-days, a ſort of perſons, they call Critiques, that, I gad, have no more wit in them than ſo many Hobby-horſes; but they'll laugh you, Sir, and find fault, and cenſure things; that, I gad, I'm ſure, they are not able to do themſelves. A ſort of envious perſons, that emulate the glories of perſons of parts, and think to build their fame, by calumniating of perſons, that, I gad, to my knowledge, of all perſons in the world are, innature, the perſons that do as much deſpiſe all that as — a — In ſine, I'll ſay no more of 'em.

Johns. Nay, you have ſaid enough of 'em, in all conſcience: I'm ſure more than they'll e'er be able to answer.

Bayes. Why, I'll tell you, Sir, ſincerely, and *bona fide*, were it not for the ſake of ſome ingenious perſons, and choice female ſpirits, that have a value for me, I would ſee 'em all hang'd, I gad, before I would e'er more ſet pen to papyr; but let 'em live in ignorance like ingrates.

Johns. I marry! that were a way to be reveng'd of 'em indeed: and, if I were in your place, now I would do ſo.

Bayes. No, Sir; there are certain eyes upon me, that I cannot be diſengag'd from: otherwiſe, I would. But pray, Sir, how do you like my hang-man?

Johns. By my troth, Sir, I ſhould like him very well.

Bayes. But how do you like it Sir? (for, I ſee, you can judge)

Would you have it for a Prologue, or the Epilogue?

Johns. Faith, Sir, 'tis so good, let it e'en serve for both.

Bayes. No, no; that wont do. Besides I have made another.

Johns. What other, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my other is *Thunder and Lightning*.

Johns. That's greater; I'd rather stick to that.

Bayes. Do you think so? I'll tell you then; tho there have been many witty Prologues written of late, yet, I think, you'll say this is a *non pareillo*: I'm sure no body has hit upon it yet. For here, Sir, I make my Prologue to be Dialogue; and as, in my first, you see I strive to oblige the Auditors by civility, by good nature, good language, and all that; so, in this, by the other way, *in Terrorem*, I chuse for the persons *Thunder and Lightning*. Do you apprehend the concept?

Johns. Phoo, Pox; then you have it cock-sure. They'll be hang'd before they'll dare to affront an Author, that has 'em at that lock.

Bayes. I have made, too, one of the most delicate dainty *simile's* in the whole world, I gad, if I knew but how to apply it.

Smi. Lets hear it, I pray you.

Bayes. 'Tis an allusion to love,

So Boar and Sow, when any storm is nigh,
Snauff up, and smellit gath'ring in the Sky;
Boar beckons Sow to trot in Chestnut Groves,
And there consummate their unfinished Loves;
Pensive in mud they wallow all alone,
And snore and gruntle to each others moan.

How do you like it now, ha?

Johns. Faith, 'tis extraordinary fine: and very applicable to *Thunder and Lightning*, methinks, because it speaks of a storm.

Bayes. I gad, and so it does, now I think on't Mr. *Johnson*, I thank you; and I'll put it in *prospect*. Come out, *Thunder and Lightning*.

Enter

The Rehearsal.

4

Enter Thunder and Lightning.

Thun. I am the bold *Thunder*.

Bayes. Mr. *Carlwright*, pry thee speak that a little louder, and with a hoarse voice. I am the bold *Thunder* I shaw I speak it me in a voice that thunders it out indeed: I am the bold *Thunder*.

Thun. I am the bold *Thunder*.

Light. The brisk *Lightning*, I.

Bayes. Nay, you must be quick and nimble.

The brisk *Lightning*, I. That's my meaning.

Thun. I am the bravest *Heater* of the Sky.

Light. And I fair *Helen* that made *Heater* die. A

Thun. I strike men down.

Light. I fire the Town.

Thun. Let the Critiques take heed how they grumble,

For then begin I for to grumble.

Light. Let the Ladies allow us their Graces.

Or I'll blast all the paint on their faces.

And dry up their Peter to Soot.

Thun. Let the Critiques look to't.

Light. Let the Ladies look to't.

Thun. For *Thunder* will do't.

Light. For *Lightning* will shoot.

Thun. I'll give you dash for dash.

Light. I'll give you flash for flash.

Gallants. It singe your Feather.

Thun. I'll *Thunder* you together.

Both. Look to't, look to't; we'll do't, we'll do't; look to't, we'll do't.

[Twice or thrice repeated.]

[Exeunt ambo.]

Bayes. There's no more. 'Tis but a flash of a Prologue: a Droll.

Sm. Yes, 'Tis short, indeed; but very terrible.

Bayes. Ay, when the smiles in it will do to a Miracle, I gad, Come, come begin the Play.

The Rehearsal.

Enter first Player.

I Play. Sir, Mr. Ivory is not come yet; but hee'l be here presently, he's but two doors off.

Bayes. Come then, Gentlemen, let's go out and take a pipe of Tobacco. [Exeunt.]

Finis Actus Primi.

A C T U S II. SCENA I.

Bayes, Johnson and Smith.

Bayes. **N**OW, Sir, because I do nothing here that ever was done before, instead of beginning with a Scene that discovers something of the Plot, I begin this Play with a whisper.

Smi. Umph! very new; indeed.

Bayes. Come, take your seats. Begin, Sirs.

Enter Gentleman, Officer and Physician.

Phys. Sir, by your habit, I should guess you to be the Gentleman-Usher of this sumptuous place.

Off. And, by your gait and fashion, I should almost suspect you rule the healths of both our noble Kings, under the notation of Physician.

Phys. You hit my Function right.

Off. And you, mine.

Phys. Then let's embrace.

Off. Come.

Phys. Come.

Bayes. Play, Sir, who are those so very civil persons?

Bayes. Why, Sir, the Gentleman-Usher, and Physician of the two Kings of Brentford.

Johns. But, pray then, how comes it to pass, that they know one another no better?

Bayes.

The Rehearsal.

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Bayes. Phoo! that's for the better carrying on of the Plot?

Johns. Very well.

Phyf. Sir, to conclude.

Smi. What, before he begins?

Bayes. No, Sir; you must know, they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

Smi. Where? in the Tying-room?

Bayes. Why ay, Sir. He's so dull! Come, speak again.

Phyf. Sir, to conclude; the plate you fill, has more than amply exacted the Talents of a wary Pilot, and all these threatening Storms, which, like impregnate Clouds, hover o'er our heads, will (when they once are grasp'd but by the eye of reason) melt into fruitful showers of blessings on the people.

Bayes. Pray mark that Allegory. Is not that good?

Johns. Yes; that grasping of a storm, with the eye, is admirable.

Phyf. But yet some rumors great are stirring; and if *Lorenzo* should prove false—which none but the great Gods can tell—you then perhaps would find that ——— [Whispers.]

Bayes. Now he whispers.

Ush. Alone, do you say?

Phyf. No; attended with the noble ——— [Whispers.]

Bayes. Again.

Ush. Who, he in gray?

Phyf. Yes; and at the head of ——— [Whispers.]

Bayes. Pray mark.

Ush. Then, Sir, most certain, 'twill in time appear.

These are the reasons that have mov'd him to't;

First, he ——— [Whispers.]

Bayes. Now the other whispers.

Ush. Secondly, they ——— [Whispers.]

Bayes. at it still.

Ush. Thirdly, and lastly, both he, and they ——— [Whispers.]

Bayes. Now they both whisper. [Exeunt Whispering.]

Now, Gentlemen, pray tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a Play?

Johns.

The Rehearsal.

Johns. In troth, I think it is, Sir. But why two Kings of the same place?

Bayes. Why? because it's new; and that's it I aim at. I despise your *Johnson* and *Beaumont*, that borrow'd all they writ from Nature: I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancy, I.

Smi. But what think you, Sir, of Sir *John Suckling*?

Bayes. By gad, I am a better Poet than he.

Smi. Well, Sir, but pray why all this whispering?

Bayes. Why, Sir, (besides that it is new, as I told you before) because they are suppos'd to be Politicians; and matters of State ought not to be divulg'd.

Smi. But then, Sir, why —

Bayes. Sir, if you'll but respite your curiosity till the end of the fifth Act, you'll find it a piece of patience not ill recompenc'd.

[*Goes to the door.*]

Johns. How dost thou like this, *Frank*? Is it not just as I told thee?

Smi. Why, I did never, before this, see any thing in Nature, and all that, (as Mr *Bayes* says) so foolish, but I could give some ghes at what mov'd the Fop to do it; but this, I confess, does go beyond my reach.

Johns. It is all a like: Mr. *Wintershul* has inform'd me of this Play already. And I'll tell thee, *Frank*, thou shalt not see one Scene here worth one farthing, or like any thing thou canst imagine has ever been the practice of the World. And then, when he comes to what he calls good language, it is, as I told thee, very fantastical, most abominably dull, and not one word to the purpose.

Smi. It does surprise me, I'm sure, very much.

John. I, but it won't do so long: by that time thou hast seen a Play or two, that I'll shew thee, thou wilt be pretty well acquainted with this new kind of Foppery.

Smi. Pox out but there's no Pleasure in him: he's too gross a fool to be laugh'd at.

Enter Bayes.

Johns. I'll swear, Mr. *Bayes* you have done this Scene most
admi-

admirably ; tho, I must tell you, Sir ; it is a very difficult matter to pen a Whisper well.

Bayes. I, Gentlemen when you come to write your selves, O' my word, you'll find it so.

John. Have a care of what you say, Mr. *Bayes*, for Mr. *Smith* there; I assure you, has written a great many fine things already.

Bayes. Has he, ifackins ? Why then Pray, Sir, how do you do, when you write ?

Smi. Faith, Sir, for the most part, I am in pretty good health.

Bayes. I but I mean, what do you do, when you write ?

Smi. I take Pen, Ink, and Paper, and Sit down.

Bayes. Now, I write standing ; that's one thing : and then, another thing is, with what do you prepare your self ?

Smi. Prepare my self ! what, the Devil, does the fool mean ?

Bayes. Why, I'll tell you, now, what I do. If I am to write familiar things, as Sonnets to *Armida*, and the like, I make use of Stew'd Prunes only ; but, when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take Phisic, and let blood ; for, when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the penfive part. In fine, you must purge the Belly.

Smi. By my troth, Sir, this is a most admirable Receipt, for writing.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis my Secret ; and, in good earnest, I think, one of the best I have.

Smi. In good faith, Sir, and that may very well be.

Bayes. May be, Sir ? I gad, I'm sure on't: *Experto crede Roberto.* But I must give you this caution by the way, be sure you never take snuff, when you write.

Smi. Why so Sir ?

Bayes. Why, it spoil'd me once, I gad, one of the sparkishest Playes in all England. But a friend of mine, at *Gresham Colledge*, has promis'd to help me to some spirit of Brains, and, I gad, that shall do my business.

SCENA II.

Enter the two Kings, hand in hand.

Bayes. O H, These now are the two Kings of *Brentford*; take notice of their stile : 'twas never yet upon the Stage; but, if you like it, I could make a shift, perhaps, to shew you a whole Play, writ all just so.

1. King. Did you observe their whisper, Brother King?

2. King. I did; and heard, besides, a grave bird sing.
That they intend, sweet-heart, to play us pranks,

Bayes. This is now, familiar, because they are both persons of the same Quality.

Swi. 'Sdeath, this would make a man spew.

1. King. If that design appears,
I'll lug 'em by the ears
Until I make 'em crack.

2. King. And so will I, i'fack.

1. King. You must begin, *Mon foy.*

2. King. Sweet, Sir, *Pardonnez moy.*

Bayes. Mark that: I makes 'em both speak *French*, to shew their breeding.

Johns. O, 'tis extraordinary fine!

2. King. Then, spite of Fate, we'll this combined stand;
And like true brothers, walk stil hand in hand.

[Exeunt Reges.]

Johns. This is a very Majestic Scene indeed.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis a crust, a lasting crust for your Rogue Critiques, I gad: I would fain see the proudest of 'em all but dare to nibble at this; I gad, if they do, this shall rub their gums for 'em, I promise you. It was I, you must know, that have written a whole Play just in this very same stile; but it was never Acted yet.

Johns. How so?

I gad

Bayes. I gad, I can hardly tell you, for laughing (ha, ha, ha) it is so pleasant a story: ha, ha, ha.

Smi. What is't?

Bayes. I gad, the Players refus'd to act it, Ha, ha, ha.

Smi. That's impossible.

Bayes. I gad they did it, Sir, point blank refus'd it, I gad, Ha, ha, ha.

Johns. Fie, that was rude.

Bayes. Rude! Ay, I gad, they are the rudest, uncivilest persons, and all that, in the whole world, I gad: I gad, there's no living with 'em, I have written, Mr. *Johnson*, I do verily believe, a whole cart-load of things, every whit as good as this, and yet, I vow to gad, these insolent Raskals have turned 'em all back upon my hands again.

Johns. Strange fellows indeed!

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, how came these two Kings to know of this whisper? for, as I remember, they were not present at it.

Bayes. No, but that's the Actors fault, and not mine; for the two Kings should (a pox take 'em) have pop'd both their heads in at the door, just as the other went off.

Smi. That, indeed, would ha' done it.

Bayes. Done it! Ay, I gad, these fellows are able to spoil the best things in Christendome. I'll tell you, Mr. *Johnson*, I vow to gad I have been so highly disoblig'd by the peremptoriness of these fellows, that I'm resolv'd hereafter, to bend my thoughts wholly for the service of the *Nursery*, and mump your proud Players, I gad. So; now Prince Pretty-man comes in, and falls a sleep, making love to his Mistress, which, you know, was a grand Intrigue in a late Play, written by a very honest Gentleman: a Knight.

SCÆNA III.

Enter Prince Pretty-man.

Pret. **H**OW strange a captive am I grown, of late /
 Shall I accuse my Love, or blame my Fate?
 My Love, I cannot; that is too Divine:
 And, against Fate, what mortal dares repine?

Enter Cloris.

But here she comes.

Sure 'tis some blazing Comet is it not? [*Lies down.*]*Bayes.* Blazing Comet! mark that, I gad, very fine!*Pret.* But I am so surpris'd with sleep, I cannot speak the rest. [*Sleeps.*]*Bayes.* Does not, that, now, surprise you, to fall a sleep in the nick? His spirits exhale with the heat of his passion, and all that, and swoop falls a sleep, as you see. Now, here, she must make a *simile*.*Sm.* Where's the necessity of that Mr. *Bayes*.*Bayes.* Because she's surpris'd. That's a general Rule, you must ever make a *simile*, when you are surpris'd; 'tis the new way of writing.

Cloris. As some tall Pine, which we, on *Ætna*, find
 T' have stood the rage of many a boist'rous wind,
 Feeling without, that flames within do play,
 Which would consume his Root and Sap away;
 He spreads his woofsted Arms unto the Skies,
 Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies:
 So, throw'd up, your bright eye disappears,
 Break forth, bright scorching Sun, and dry my tears

[*Exit.*]*Johns.* Mr. *Bayes*, Methinks, this *simile* wants a little application too.*Bayes.* No, faith; for it alludes to passion, to consuming, to dying, and all that; which, you know, are the natural effects of an Amour. But I'm afraid, this Scene has made you

you sad; for, I must confess, when I writ it, I wept myself.

Smi. No, truly, Sir, my spirits are almost exhald to, and I am likelier to fall a sleep.

Prince Pretty-man starts up, and says —

Pret. It is resolv'd. [Exit.]

Bayes. That's all.

Smi. Mr. Bayes, may one be so bold as to ask you a question, now, and you not be angry?

Bayes. O Lord, Sir, you may ask me any thing; what you please, I vow to gad, you do me a great deal of honour: you do not know me, if you say that, Sir.

Smi. Then, pray, Sir, what is it that this Prince here has resolv'd in his sleep.

Bayes. Why, I must confess, that question is well enough ask'd, for one that is not acquainted with this new way of writing. But you must know, Sir, that, to out-do all my fellow-Writers, whereas they keep their *Intrigo* secret, till the very last Scene before the Dance; I now, Sir, (do you mark me) — a —

Smi. Begin the Play, and end it, without ever opening the Plot at all?

Bayes. I do so, that's the very plain troth on't; ha, ha, ha; I do, I gad. If they cannot find it out themselves, e'en let 'em alone for Bayes, I warrant you. But here, now, is a Scene of business: pray observe it; for I dare say you'll think it no unwise discourse this, nor ill argu'd. To tell you true, 'tis a Discourse I over-heard once betwixt two grand, sober, governing persons.

SCÆNA IV.

Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician,

Ush. **C**ome, Sir; let's state the matter of Fact, and lay our heads together.

Phys. Right: lay our heads together. I love to be merry sometimes; but when a knotty point comes I lay my head close to it, with a snuff box in my hand, and then I fegue it away, I faith.

Bayes.

Bayes. I do just so, I gad, alwayes.

Ubb. The grand question is, whether they heard us whisper? which I dividethus.

Phyf. Yes, it must be divided so indeed.

Smi. That's very complaisant, I swear, Mr. Bayes, to be of another man's opinion, before he knowes what it is.

Bayes Nay, I bring in none, here, but wel-bred persons, I assure you.

Ubb. I divided the question into when they heard, what they heard, and whether they heard or no.

Johns. Most admirably divided, I swear!

Ubb. As to the when; you say, just now: So that is answer'd. Then, as for what; why, what answers it self: for what could they hear, but what we talk'd of? So that, naturally, and of necessity, we come to the last question, *Videlicet*, whether they heard or no.

Smi. This is a very wise Scene, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Ay, you have it right: they are both Politicians!

Ubb. Pray then to proceed in method, let me ask you that question.

Phyf. No, you'l answer better, pray let me ask it you,

Ubb. Your will must be a Law.

Phyf. Come then, what is it I must ask?

Smi. This Politician, I perceive, Mr. Bayes, has somewhat a short memory.

Bayes. Why, Sir, you must know, that t'other is the main Politician, and this is but his pupil.

Ubb. You must ask me whether they heard us whisper.

Phyf. Well, I do so.

Ubb. Say it then.

Smi. Hey day! here's the bravest work that ever I saw.

Johns. This is mighty methodical!

Bayes. Ay, Sir; that's the way: 'tis the way of Art; there is no other way, I gad, in business.

Phyf. Did they here us whisper?

Ubb. Why, truly, I can't tell; there's much to be said upon the word Whisper: to whisper, in Latin is *susurrare*, which is as much as to say, to speak softly; now, if they heard us speak softly

secretly, they heard us whisper: but then comes in the *Quarrel*, the how, how did they hear us whisper? Why, as to that, there are two ways: the one, by chance, or accident: the other, on purpose; that is, with design to hear us whisper.

Phys. Nay, if they heard us that way, I'll never give 'em Physic more.

Uss. Nor I e'er more will walk abroad before 'em.

Bayes. pray mark this: for a great deal depend upon it, towards the latter end of the Play.

Smi. I suppose, that's the reason why you brought in this Scene Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Partly, it was, Sir; but, I confess, I was not unwilling, besides, to shew the world a pattern, here, how men should talk of business.

Johns. You have done it exceeding well indeed.

Bayes. Yes, I think, this will do.

Phys. Well, if they heard us whisper, they'll turn us out, and no body else will take us.

Smi. Not for Politicians, I dare answer for it.

Phys. Let's then no more our selves in vain bemoan:

We are not safe until we them unthrone.

Uss. 'Tis right.

And, since occasion now seems debonaire,

I'll seize on this, and you shall take that Chair.

They draw their Swords, and sit down in the two great Chairs upon the Stage.

Bayes. There's now an odd surprize; the whole State's turn'd quite topsie-turvy, without any puther or stir in the whole world. I gad.

Johns. A very silent change of a Government, truly, as ever I heard of.

Bayes. It is so. And yet you shall see me bring 'em in again, by and by, in as odd a way every jot.

The Usurpers march out flourishing their Swords.

Enter Shirly.

Shir. Hey ho, hey ho: what a change is here! Hey day, hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to say. [Exit.

Johns.]

John. Must I receive any opinion of my last Gentleman might have said a little more upon this occasion.

Bayes. No, Sir, not at all: for I underwrite his Part; on purpose to set off the rest.

John. Cry you mercy, Sir.

Smi. But, pray, Sir, how came they to depose the Kings so easily?

Bayes. Why, Sir, you must know, they long had a design to do it before; but never could put it in practice till now: and, to tell you true, that's one reason why I made 'em whisper so at first.

Smi. O very well, now I'm fully satisfied.

Bayes. And then to show you, Sir, it was not done so very easily neither; in this next Scene you shall see some fighting.

Smi. O, ho, so then you make the struggle to be after the business is done?

Bayes. Ay, I've it right.

Smi. O, I conceive you: that, I swear, is very natural.

SCENE V.

Enter four men at one door, and four at another, with their Swords drawn.

1 soldier. Stand. Who goes there?

2. Sol. A Friend.

1. Sol. What Friend?

2. Sol. A Friend to the House.

2 Sol. Fall on. *[They all kill one another. Music strikes.]*

Bayes. Hold, hold.

Now here's an odd surprize: all these dead men you shall see

rise up presently, at a certain Note that I have made; in Effant

flat, and fall a Dancing. Do you hear, dead men? remember

your note in Effant flat. Play on.

Now, now, now. *[The music plays his Note, and the dead men*

O Lord, O Lord! rise: but cannot get in order.]

Out, out, out! Did ever men spoil a good thing so? no figure,

no ear, no time, no thing? Udzookers, you dance worse than

he Angels in *Harry the Eighth*, or the fat Spirits in *The Tempest*, I gad.

1. Sol. Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to do any thing in time, to this Tune.

Bayes. O Lord, O Lord! impossible? why, Gentlemen, if there be any faith in a person that's a Christian, I sat up two whole nights in composing this Air, and apting it for the business: for, if you observe, there are two several Designs in this Tune; it begins swift, and ends slow. You talk of time, and time; you shall see me do it. Look you now. Here I am dead.

Now mark my Note *Effant flat*. Strike up Music. Now.

As he rises up, hastily, he falls down again.

Ah, gadfookers, I have broke my Note.

Johns. By my troth, Mr. Bayes, this is a very unfortunate Note of yours, in *Effant*.

Bayes. A plague of this damn'd Stage, with your nails, and your tenter-hooks, that a Gentleman cannot come to reach you to Act, but he must break his nose, and his face, and the devil and all. Pray, Sir, can you help me to a wet piece of brown paper?

Smi. No, indeed, Sir; I don't usually carry any about me.

2. Sol. Sir, I'll go get you some within presently.

Bayes. Go, go then; I follow you. Pray dance out the dance and I'll be with you in a moment. Remember you dance like Horsemen.

Smi. Like Horsemen! what, a plague, can that be?

They dance the Dance, but can make nothing of it.

1. Sol. A Devil! let's try this no longer: play my Dance that Mr. Bayes found fault with.

Smi. What can this fool be doing all this while about his Nose?

Johns. Pray the fets go, see.

Exit, Actus secundus.

ACT US III. SCENA I.

Bayes with a Papper on his Nose, and the two Gentlemen.

Bayes. **N**ow, Sirs, this I do, because my Fancy, in this Play, is to end every Act with a Dance.

Smi. Faith, that Fancy is very good, but I should hardly have broke my Nose for it, tho.

Johns. That Fancy, I suppose, is new too.

Bayes. Sir, all my Fancies are so, I tread upon no mans heels: but make my flight upon my own wings, I assure you. Now, here comes in a Scene of sheer Wit, without any mixture in the whole World, I gad, between Prince Pretty-man and his Taylor: it might properly enough becall'd a prize of Wit; for you shall see 'em come in upon one another snip snap, hit for hit, as fast as can be. First one speaks, then presently t'others upon him, slap, with a Repartee; then he at him again, dash with a new conceit: and so eternally, eternally, I gad, till they go quite off the Stage.

Goer to call the Players.

Smi. What a plague, does this Fop mean by his snip snap, hit for hit, and dash?

Johns. Mean! why, he never meant any thing in's life: what dost talk of meaning for?

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. Why don't you come in?

Enter Prince Pretty man and Tom Thimble.

This Scene will make you dye with laughing, if it be well Acted; for 'tis as full of Drollory as ever it can hold: 'tis like an Orange stuff'd with Cloves, as for conceit,

Pret. But prythee, *Tom Thimble*, why wilt thou needs mar-

matry? If nine Tailors make but one man, and one woman cannot be satisfied with nine men: what work art thou cutting out here for thy self, throw?

Bayes. Good.

Thim. Why, an't please your Highness, if I can't make up all the work I cut out, I shan't want Journey-men enough to help me, I warrant you.

Bayes. Good again.

Pret. I am afraid thy Journey-men, tho, Tom, wont work by the day, but by the night.

Bayes. Good still.

Thim. However if my wife sit but cross-leg'd, as I do, there will be no great danger, I not half so much as when I trusted you, Sir, for your Coronation Suit.

Bayes. Very good, I faith.

Pret. Why, the times thou liv'd upon trust, it was the fashion. You would not be out of time, at such a time as that, sure: a Taylor, you know, must never be out of fashion.

Bayes. Right.

Thim. I'm sure, Sir, I made your Cloaths, in the Court-fashion, for you never paid me yet.

Bayes. There's a bob for the Court!

Pret. Why, Tom, thou art a sharp rogue when thou art angry, I see: thou pay'st me now, methinks.

Bayes. There's pay, upon pay, as good as ever was written, I gad!

Thim. I, Sir, in your own coin, you give me nothing but words.

Bayes. Admirable, before gad!

Pret. Well, Tom, I hope shortly I shall have another coin for thee: for now the Wars are coming on, I shall grow to be a man of war.

Bayes. O, you did not do that half enough!

Johns. Methinks he does it admirably.

Bayes. I, pretty well, but he does not hit me int: he does not to his part.

Thim. That's the way to be stung'd your self, Sir. I shall

see you come home, like an Angel for the King's Evil, with a hole bored through you.

Bayes. Ha, there he has hit it up to the hilts, I gad! How do you like it now, Gentlemen? Is not this pure Wit?

Swi. 'Tis snip snap, Sir, as you say; but, methinks, not pleasant, nor to the purpose, for the Play does not go on.

Bayes. Play does not go on? I don't know what you mean: why, is not this part of the Play?

Swi. Yes, but the Plot stands still.

Bayes. Plot stand still! why, what a Devil is the Plot good for, but to bring in fine things?

Swi. O, I did not know that before.

Bayes. No, I think you did not: nor many things more, that I am Master of. Now, Sir, I gad, this is the bane of all us Writers: let us soar but never so little above the common pitch, I gad, all's spoiled; for the vulgar never understand it, they can never conceive you, Sir, the excellency of these things.

Johns. 'Tis a sad fare, I must confess; but you write on still, for all that?

Bayes. Write on? I, I gad, I warrant you. 'Tis not their talk shall stop me: if they catch meat that lock, I'll give 'em leave to hang me. As long as I know my things are good, what care I, what they say? What, are they gone, without singing my last new Song? Shud, would it were in their Bellies, I'll tell you, Mr. *Johns.* if I have any skill in these matters, I vow to gad, this Song is peremptorily the very best that ever yet was written: you must know, it was made by *Tom Thimble's* first wife after she was dead.

Swi. How, Sir? after she was dead?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, after she was dead. Why, what have you to say to that?

Johns. Say? Why, nothing: he were a that Devil had any thing to say to that.

Bayes. Right.

Swi. How did she come to dye, pray Sir?

Bayes. Phoo! that's no matter; by a fall: but here's the conceit, that, upon his knowing she was killed by an accident, he supposes,

supposes, with a Sigh, that she dy'd for love of him.

Jobn. I, I, that's well enough: let's hear it, *Mr. Bayes*:

Bayes. 'Tis to the Tune of Farewel, fair *Armida*, on Seas,
and in battels, in Bullets, and all that.

S O N G.

In swords, Pikes, and Bullets, tis safer to be,
Than in a Strong Castle, remoted from thee;
My deaths-bruise pray think you gave me, tho' a fall
Did give it me more, from the top of a wall;
For then if the Moat on her mud would first lay,
And after before you my body convey;
The blow on my breast when you happen to see,
You'l lay, with a Sigh, there's a True blow for me.

Ha, Rogues! when I am merry, I write these things as fast as
hops, I gad; for, you must know, I am as pleasant a Debauchtee,
as ever you saw: I am i' faith.

Sm. But *Mr. Bayes*, how comes this song in here? for, I
think, there is no great occasion for it.

Bayes. Alack, Sir, you know nothing: you must ever in-
terlard your Playes with Songs, Ghosts, and Dances, if you
mean to — a —

Johns. Pit, Box, and Gallery, *Mr. Bayes*.

Bayes. I gad; and you have nick'd it. Hark you, *Mr.*
Johnson, you know I don't flatter, a gad; you have a great
deal of Wit.

Johns. O Lord, Sir, you do me too much honour.

Bayes. Nay, nay, come, come, *Mr. Johnson*, I faith this must
not be said, amongst us that have it. I know you have wit by
the judgment you make of this Play; for that's the measure I
go by: my Play is my Touchstone. When a man tells me such
a one is a person of parts; is he so, say I? what do I do, but
bring him presently to see this Play: If he likes it, I know
what to think of him; if not, your most humble Servant, Sir,
I'll no more of him upon my word, I thank you. I am *Clara*
voyant, I gad. Now here we go on to our business.

Enter the two Usurpers, hand in hand.

Ush. But what's become of *Volsenius* the great? His presence has not grac'd our Courts of late.

Phys. I fear some ill, from emulation sprung,
Has from us that illustrious *Howe* wrung.

Bayes. Is not that Majestical?

Smi. Yes, but who a Devil is that *Volsenius*?

Bayes. Why, what's a Prince I make in love with *Parthe-
nope*.

Smi. I thank you Sir.

Enter Cordelio.

Cor. My Lieges, news from *Volsenius* the Prince.

Ush. His news is welcome, what's ever it be.

Smi. How, Sir, do you mean whether it be good or bad?

Bayes. Nay, pray, Sir, have a little patience: Godfookers
you'll spoil all my Play. Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to answer every
impertinent question you ask.

Smi. Cry you mercy, Sir.

Cor. His Highness Sir, commanded me to tell you,

That the last person whom you both do know,

Despairing of forgiveness for her fault,

In a deep sorrow, twice she did attempt

Upon her precious life; but by the care

Of *Standerby*, prevented was.

Smi. Short, what stuff's here!

Cor. At last,

Volsenius the great this dire resolve embrac'd:

His servants he into the Countrey sent,

And he himself to *Peccadillo* went.

Where he's inform'd, by Letters that she's dead.

Ush. Dead! is that possible? Dead!

Phys. O ye Gods!

Bayes. There's a smart expression of a passion; O ye Gods!

[Exit.

That's

That's one of my bold strokes, I gad.

Smi. Yes; but who is the fair person that's dead?

Bayes. That you shall know anon Sir.

Smi. Nay; if we know it at all, 'tis well enough.

Bayes. Perhaps you may find too, by and by, for all this that she's not dead neither.

Smi. Marry, that's good news indeed: I am glad of that with all my heart.

Bayes. Now here's the man brought in that is suppos'd to have kill'd her.
[a great shout within.]

SCÆNA III.

*Enter Amarillis with a Book in her hand,
and Attendants.*

Ama. **W**hat shout triumphant's that?
Enter a Souldier.

Sol. Shie maid, upon the River brink, near *Twick'nam* Town,
the false Assassinate is tane.

Ama. Thanks to the Powers above, for this deliverance. I
hope its slow beginning will portend.
A forward *Exit* to all future end.

Bayes. Pish, there you are out; to all Future end? No, no;
to all future End: you must lay the accent upon end, ore he
you lose the concept.

Smi. I see you are very perfect in these matters.

Bayes. I, Sir; I have been long enough at it, one would think,
to know some thing.

Enter Souldiers dragging in an old Fisher-man.

Ama. Villain, what Monster did corrupt thy mind
T'attaque the noblest soul of humane kind?
Tell me who set thee on.

Fish. Prince *Pretty-man*.

Ama. To kill whom?

Fish. Prince *Pretty-man*.

Ama. What, did Prince *Pretty-man* hire you to kill Prince
Pretty-man? *Fish.*

50
Fish. No; Prince *Pretty-man*.
Ama. To kill whom?
Fish. Prince *Volscius*.
Ama. What did Prince *Volscius* hire you to kill Prince *Volscius*?

Fish. No; Prince *Pretty-man*.

Ama. So drag him hence,

Till torture of the Rack produce his Sense. *[Exit Ama.]*

Bayes. Mark how I make the horror of his guilt confound his intellects; for he's out at one and t'other: and that's the design of this Scene.

Smi. I see, Sir, you have a several design for every Scene.

Bayes. I, that's my way of writing; and so Sir, I can dispatch you a whole Play, before another man, I gad, can make an end of his Plot.

SCENA IV.

SO now enter Prince *Pretty-man* in a rage. Where the Devil is he? Why *Pretty-man*? why when, I say? O fie, fie, fie, fie! all's marr'd, I vow to gad, quite marr'd.

Enter Pretty-man.

Phoo, pox! you are come to late, Sir, now you may go out again, if you please. I vow to gad, Mr. — a — I would not give a button for my Play, now you have done this.

Pret. What Sir?

Bayes. What Sir! 'Slife, Sir, you should have come out in choler, rous upon the Stage, just as the other went off. Must a man be eternally telling you of these things?

Johns. Sure this must be some very notable matter that he's so angry at.

Smi. I am not of your opinion.

Bayes. Pish! come, let's hear your part, Sir,

Pret. Bring in my Father; why d'ye keep him from me?

Altho a Fisherman, he is my Father,

Was ever Son, yet brought to this distress,

To be, for being a Son, made Fatherless.

Ah, you just Gods, rob me not of a Father:

The being of a Son take from me rather.

[Exit.]

Smi. Well, Ned, what think you now?

Johns. A Devil this is worst of all. Mr. Bayes, pray what's the meaning of this Scene?

Bayes. O, cry you mercy, Sir: I purtest I had forgot to tell you. Why, Sir, you must know, that long before the beginning of this Play, this Prince was taken by a Fisherman.

Smi. How, Sir, taken Prisoner?

Bayes. Taken Prisoner! O Lord, what a question's there! did ever any man ask such a question? Godfookers, he has put the Plot quite out of my head, with this damn'd question. What was I going to say?

Johns. Nay, the Lord knows: I cannot imagine.

Bayes. Stay, let me see; taken: O 'tis true. Why, Sir, as I was going to say, his Highness here, the Prince, was taken in a Cradle by a Fisherman, and brought up as his Child.

Smi. Indeed?

Bayes. Nay, pr'ythe hold thy peace. And so, Sir, this murder being committed by the River-side, the Fisherman, upon suspicion, was seiz'd; and there upon the Prince grew angry.

Smi. So, so: now 'tis very plain.

Johns. But Mr. Bayes, is not this some disparagement to a Prince, to pass for a Fishermans Son? Have a care of that I pray.

Bayes. No, no; not at all; for 'tis but for a while: I shall fetch him off again, presently, you shall see.

Enter Pretty-man and Thimble.

Pres. By all the Gods, I'll set the world on fire

Rather than let 'em ravish hence my Sire.

Thim. Brave Pretty-man, it is at length reveal'd,

That he is not thy Sire, who thee conceal'd.

Bayes. Lo you now, there he's off again.

Johns. Admirably done I faith.

Bayes. Ay, now the Plot thickens very much upon us.

Pres.

Pre. What Oracle this darkness can evince?
 Sometimes a Fishers Son, sometimes a Prince,
 It is a secret, great as is the world;
 In which, I like the Soul, am tos'd and hurl'd.
 The blackest Ink of Fate, sure, was my Lot,
 And, when she writ my Name, she made a blo:

[Exit.]

Bayes. There's a blustering verse for you now.

Smi. Yes, Sir; but why is he so mightily troubled to find he is not a Fishermans Son?

Bayes. Phoo! that is not because he has a mind to be his Son, but for fear he should be thought to be no bodies Son at all.

Smi. Nay, that would trouble a man, indeed.

Bayes. So let me see.

SCENA V.

Enter Prince Volscius, going out of Town. [Reads.]

Smi. I Thought he had been gone to Poccadille.

Bayes. Yes he gave it out so; but that was only to cover his design.

Johns. What design?

Bayes. Why, to head the Army, that lies conceal'd for him in Knights-bridge.

Johns. I see here's a great deal of Plot, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Yes, now it begins to break, but we shall have a world of more business anon.

Enter Prince Volscius, Gloris, Amarillis, and Harry with a Riding Cloak and Boots.

Ama. Sir, you are cruckt thus to leave the Town, And to retire to Country solitude.

Clo. We hop'd this Summer that we should at least Have held the honour of your Company.

Bayes. Held the honour of your Company? prettyly express'd! Held the honour of your Company! God lookers, these fellows will never take notice of any thing.

[Johns.]

Johns. I assure you Sir, I admire it extremely: I don't know what he does.

Bayes. I, I, he's a little envious; but 'tis no great matter. Come.

Ama. Pray let us two this single boon obtain,
That you will here, with poor us, still remain.
Before your Horses come pronounce our fate,
For then, alas! I fear, 'twill be too late,

Bayes. Sad!

Vols. Harry, my Boots; for I'll go rage among
My Blades encamp'd, and quit this *Urban* throng.

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, is not this a little difficult, that you were saying e'en now, to keep an army thus conceal'd in *Knights-bridge*.

Bayes. In *Knights-bridge*? stay.

Johns. No, not if the Inn-keepers be his friends.

Bayes. His Friends! Ay, Sir, his intimate acquaintance; or else, indeed, I grant it could not be.

Smi. Yes, faith, so it might be very easie.

Bayes. Nay, If I do not make all things easie, I gad, I'll give you leave to hang me. Now you would think that he is going out of Town; but you shall see how prettily I have contriv'd to stop him, presently.

Smi. By my troth, Sir, you have so amaz'd me, that I know not what to think.

Enter Parthenope.

Vols. Bless me! how frail are all my best resolves!
How, in a moment, is my purpose chang'd!
Too soon I thought my selfe secure from Love,
Fair, Madam, give me leave to ask her name
Who does so gently rob me of my fame?
For I should meet the Army out of town,
And, if I fail, must hazard my renown,

Par. My Mother, Sir, sells Ale by the Town-walls,
And me, her dear *Parthenope* she calls.

Bayes. Now that's the *Parthenope*, I told you of.

Johns. I, I: I gad you are very right.

Volf. Can vulgar vestments high-born beauty shroud?

Thou bring'st the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud,

Bayes. The Morning pictur'd in a Cloud! A, Gadsookers, what a concept is there!

Par. Give you good Ev'n, Sir.

[Exit.]

Volf. O in auspicious Stars! that I was born

To sudden love, and to more sudden scorn!

Ama. How! Prince *Volscius* in love? Ha, ha, ha.

Clor. &

[Exeunt laughing.]

Smi. Sure, Mr. *Bayes*, we have lost some jest here, that they laugh at so.

Bayes. Why, did you not observe? He first resolves to go out of Town, and then, as he is pulling on his Boots falls in love with her, Ha, ha, ha.

Smi. Well, and where lyes the jest of that?

Bayes. Ha?

[Turns to *Johnson*.]

Johnson. Why; In the Boots: where should the jest lie?

Bayes. I Gad, you are in the right: it does. [Turns to *Smith*.]

Lie in the Boots—Your friend, and I know where a good jest lies, tho you don't, Sir.

Smi. Much good don't you, Sir.

Bayes. Here, now, Mr. *Johnson*, you shall see a combat betwixt Love and Honour. An ancient Author has made a whole Play on't; but I have dispatch'd it all in this Scene.

Volscius sits down to pull on his Boots: Bayes stands by, and over acts the Part as he speaks it.

Volf. How has my passion Made me *Cupid's* scoff!

This hasty Boot is on, the other off,

And sullen lies, with amorous design

To quit loud fame, and make that Beauty mine.

Smi. Pr'ythee mark what pains Mr. *Bayes* takes to Act this speech himselfe!

Johns. Yes, the fool, I see, is mightily transported with it.

Volf. My Legs, the Emblem of my various thought,
Shew to what sad distraction I am brought.

Sometimes with stubborn Honour, like this Boot,

My

My mind is guarded, and resolv'd to do
Sometimes, again, that very mind, by Love
Disarmed, like this other Leg does prove.

Shall I to Honour or to Love give way?

Go on, cries Honour; tender Love saies, nay:

Honour, aloud, commands, pluck both Boots on;

But softer Love does whisper put on none.

What shall I do? what conduct shall I find

To lead me through this twy-light of my mind?

For as bright Day with black approach of Night

Contending, makes a doubtful puzzling light;

So does my Honour and my Love together

Puzzle me so, I can resolve for neither, *[Goes out hopping with one Boot on, and the other off.]*

Johns. By my troth, Sir, this is as difficult a Combat as ever I saw, and as equal; for 'tis determin'd on neither side.

Bayes. Ay, is't not now I gad, ha? For, to go off hip hop, hip hop, upon this occasion, is a thousand times better than any conclusion in the world, I gad.

Johns. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, that hip hop, in this place as you say, does a very great deal.

Bayes. O, all in all Sir; they are these little things that mark, or set you off a Play: as I remember once, in a Play of mine, I set off a Scene I gad, beyond expectation, only with a Petticoat, and the Belly ake.

Smi. Pray, how was that, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, I contriv'd a Petticoat to be brought in upon a Chair, (no body knew how) into a Prince's Chamber, whose Father was not to see it, that came in by chance.

Johns. God's my life, that was a notable Contrivance indeed.

Smi. I but, Mr. Bayes, how could you contrive the Belly ake?

Bayes. The easiest it h' World, I Gad: I'll tell you how, I made the Prince sit down upon the Petticoat, no more than so, and pretended to his Father that he had just then got the Belly-ake: whereupon, his Father went out to call a Physician, and

his man ran away with the Petticoat.

Smi. Well and what follow'd upon that?

Bayes. Nothing, no Earthly thing, I vow to Gad.

Johns. O, my word, Mr. Bayes, there you hit it.

Bayes. Yes It gave a world of content. And then I paid 'em away besides, for I made 'em all talk baudy; ha, ha, ha: beastly, downright baudry upon the Stage, I gad; ha, ha, ha; hut with an infinite deal of wit, that I must say.

Johns. That, I that, we know well enough, can never fail you.

Bayes. No, I Gad can't it come bring in the Dance [*Exit.*
to call 'em.

Smi. Now, the Devil take thee for a silly, confident, unnatural, fulsom Rogue.

Enter Bayes and Players.

Bayes. Pray Dance well, before these Gentlemen: you are commonly so lazy; but you should be light and easie, tah, tah, tah.

All the while they Dance, Bayes puts 'em out with teaching 'em.

Well Gentlemen, you'll see this Dance, if I am not deceiv'd, take very well upon the Stage, when they are perfect in their motions, and all that.

Smi. I don't know how 'twill take, Sir; but I am sure you sweat hard for't.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, it costs me more pains and trouble, to do these things, than almost the things are worth.

Smi. By my troth, I think so, Sir,

Bayes. Not for the things themselves, for I could write you, Sir, forty of 'em in a day; but, I gad, these Players are such dull persons, that, if a man be not by 'em upon every point, and at every turn, I gad, they'll mistake you, Sir, and spoil all.

Enter a Player.

What, is the Funeral ready?

Play. Yes, Sir.

Bayes. And is the Lance fill'd with Wine?

Play. Sir, 'tis just now a doing.

Bayes.

Bayes. Stay then, I'll do it my self.

Smi. Come, let's go with him.

Bayes. A Match. But Mr. *Johnson*, I gad, I am not like other persons; they care not what becomes of their things, so they can but get money for 'em; now, I gad, when I write, if it be not just as it should be in every circumstance, to every particular, I gad; I am no more able to endure it, I am not my self, I'm out of my wits, and all that, I'm the strangest person in the whole world. For what care I for money? I write for Reputation. *[Exeunt.]*

Finis Actus tertii.

ACTUS IV. SCÆNA I.

Bayes, and the two Gentlemen.

Bayes. **G**entlemen, because I would not have any two things alike in this Play, the last Act beginning with a witty Scene of Mirth, I make this to begin with a Funeral.

Smi. And is that all your reason for it, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. No, Sir, I have a Precedent for it besides; A person of Honour, and a *Scholar*, brought in his Funeral just so: and he was one (let me tell you) that knew as well what belonged to a Funeral, as any man in *England*, I gad.

Johns. Nay if that be so, you are safe.

Bayes. I gad, but I have another device, a frolick, which I think yet better than all this; not for the Plot or Characters, (for in my heroic Plays, I make no difference, as to those matters) but for another contrivance.

Smi. what is that, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I have design'd a Conquest, that Cannot possibly, I gad, be acted in less than a whole week: and I'll speak a bold

bold word, it shall Drum, Trumpet, Shout, and Battle; I gad with any the most warlike Tragedy we have, either ancient or modern.

Johns. I matry, Sir, there you say something.

Smi. And pray, Sir, how have you order'd this same frolic of yours?

Bayes. Faith, Sir, by the Rule of Romance. For example: they divided their things into three, four, five, six, seven, eight, or as many Tomes as they please: now, I would very fain know what should hinder me, from doing the same with my things, if I please?

Johns. Nay, if you should not be Master of your own works, 'tis very hard.

Bayes. That is my fence. And then, Sir, this contrivance of mine has something of the reason of a Play in it too; for as every one makes you five Acts to one Play, what do me I, but make five Playes to one Plot: by which means the Auditors have every day a new thing.

Johns. Most admirably good, 'faith! and must certainly take, because it is not tedious.

Bayes. I, Sir, I know that, there's the main point. And then, upon *Saturday*, to make a close of all, (for I ever begin upon a *Monday*) I make you, Sir, a sixth Play, that sums up the whole matter to 'em, and all that, for fear they should have forgot it.

Johns. That consideration, Mr. Bayes, indeed, I think, will be very necessary.

Smi. And when comes in your share, pray Sir?

Bayes. The third week.

Johns. I vow you'll get a world of money.

Bayes. Why, faith, a man must live: and if you don't, thus, pitch upon some new device, I gad, you'll never do it, for this Age (take it o'my word) is somewhat hard to please. But There's one pretty odd passage, in the last of these Plays which may be executed two several ways, wherein I'd have your opinion, Gentlemen.

Johns. What is't, Sir?

Bayes.

Bayes. Why, Sir, I make a Male person, to be in Love with a Female.

Smi. Do you mean that, Mr. Bayes, for a new thing?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, as I have order'd it. You shall here. He having passionately lov'd her through my five whole Playes, finding at last that she consents to his love, just after that his Mother had appear'd to him like a Ghost, he kills himself. That's one way. The other is that she coming at last to love him, with as violent a passion as he lov'd her, she kills her self. Now my question is, which of these two persons should suffer upon this occasion?

Johns. By my troth, it is a very hard case to decide.

Bayes. The hardest in the World, I gad, and has puzzled this pate very much. What say you Mr. Smith?

Smi. Why truly Mr. Bayes, if it might stand with your justice now, I would spare 'em both.

Bayes. I gad, and I think——ha——why then, I'll make him hinder her from killing her selfe. Ay, it shall be so. Come, come, bring in the Funeral.

Enter a Funeral, with the two Usurpers and Attendants.
Lay it down there: no, no, here, Sir. So now speak.

K. Vsh. Set down the Funeral Pile, and let our grief
Receive, from its imbraces, some relief.

K. Phys. Was't not unjust to ravish hence her breath,
And, in life's stead, to leave us nought but death,
The World discovers now its emptiness,
And, by her loss, demonstrates we have less

Bayes. Is not this good language now? is not that elevate?
'Tis my *non ultra*, I gad. You must know they were both in love with her.

Smi. With her? with whom?

Bayes. Why, this is *Lardella's* Funeral.

Smi. *Lardella*! I, who is she?

Bayes. Why, Sir, the Sister of *Drawcansir*. A Lady that was drown'd at Sea, and had a wave for her Winding sheet.

K. Vsh. *Lardella*, O *Lardella*, from above,

Behold the Tragic issues of our Love.
Pity us, sinking under grief and pain,
For thy being call'd away upon the Main.

Bayes. Look you now, you see I told you true,

Smi. I, Sir, and I thank you for it, very kindly.

Bayes. Ay, I gad, but you will not have patience; honest
M. — a — you will not have patience.

Johns. Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, who is that *Drumcansir*?

Bayes. Why, Sir, a fierce *Hero*, that frights his Mistress, snubs
up Kings, baffles Armies, and does what he will, without regard
to numbers, good manners, or justice.

Johns. A very pretty Character.

Smi. But, Mr. *Bayes*, I thought your *Heroes* had ever been
men of great humanity and justice.

Bayes. Yes, they have been so; but for my part, I prefer
that one quality of singly beating of whole Armies above all
your moral virtues put together, I gad. You shall see him
come in presently. Lookers, why don't you read the paper?

[To the Players.]

R. Phys. O, cry you mercy. [Goes to take the paper.]

Bayes. Pish! nay you are such a fumbler. Come I'll read it
my self. [Takes a paper from off the Coffin.]

Stay, it's an ill hand, I must use my Spectacles. This, now, is
a Copy of Verses, which I make *Lardella* compose, just as she
is dying, with design to have it pin'd upon her Coffin, and so
read by one of the Usurpers, who is her Cousin.

Smi. A very shrewd design that, upon my word, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. And what do you think now I fancy her to make Love
like, here, in the paper?

Smi. Like a Woman: what should she make Love like?

Bayes. O my word you are out thro, Sir; I gad, you are.

Smi. What then? Like a man?

Bayes. No, Sir; like a Humble Bee.

Smi. I confess, that I should not have fancy'd.

Bayes. It may be so, Sir. But it is, tho, in order to the
opinion of some of your ancient Philosophers, who held the
transmigration of the soul.

Smi. Very fine.

Bayes. I'll read the Title. *To my dear Couz, King Phys.*

Smi. That's a little too familiar with a King, tho, Sir, by your favor, for a Humble Bee.

Bayes. Mr. *Smith*, in other things, I grant your knowledge may be above me; but, as for Poetry, give me leave to say, I understand that better: it has been longer my practice; it has indeed, Sir.

Smi. Your servant, Sir.

Bayes. Pray mark it.

Since death my earthly part will thus remove. [*Reads.*

I'll come a Humble Bee to your chaste love.

With silent wings I'll follow you, dear Couz;

Or else, before you, in the Sun-beams, buz.

And when to Melancholy Groves you come,

An Airy Ghost, you'll know me by my Hum;

For sound, being Air, a Ghost does well become.

Smi. (*After a pause.*) Admirable!

Bayes. At night, into your bosom I will creep,

And buz but softly if you chance to sleep;

Yet in your Dreams, I will pass sweeping by,

And then, both Hum and Buz before your eye.

Johns. By my troth, that's a very great promise.

Smi. Yes, and a most extraordinary comfort to boot.

Bayes. Your bed of love from dangers I will free;

But lost from love of any future Bee.

And when with pity your heart strings shall crack,

With empty arms I'll bear you on my back.

Smi. A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack.

Bayes. Ay, I gad, but is not that *tuant* now, ha? is it not *tuant*? Here's the end.

Then at your birth of immortality,

Like any winged Archer, hence I'll fly,

And teach you your first flutt'ring in the Sky.

Johns. Orare! This is the most natural, refin'd fancy that ever I heard, I'll swear.

Bayes. Yes, I think, for a dead person, it is a good enough

way of making love : for being divested of her Terrestrial part, and all that, she is only capable of these little, pretty, amorous designs that are innocent, and yet passionate. Come, draw you swords.

K. Phys. Come sword, come sheath thy self within this breast.
Which only in *Lardella's* Tomb can rest.

K. Vsb. Come, dagger, come, and penetrate this heart,
Which cannot from *Lardella's* Love depart.

Enter Pallas.

Bal. Hold, stop your murd'ring hands
At *Pallas's* commands :
For the supposed dead, O Kings,
Forbear to act such deadly things.
Lardella lives ; I did but try
If Princes for their Loves could dye.
Such Celestial constancy
Shall, by the Gods, rewarded be :
And from these Funeral Obsequies
A Nuptial Banquet shall arise.

[The Coffin opens, and a Banquet is discover'd.]

Bayes. So, take away the Coffin. Now it's out. This is the very Funeral of the fair person which *Volscius* sent word was dead, and *Pallas*, you see, has turn'd it into a Banquet.

Smi. Well, but where is this Banquet ?

Bayes. Nay, look you, Sir, we must first have a Dance, for joy that *Lardella* is not dead. Pray, Sir, give me leave to bring in my things properly at least.

Smi. That, indeed, I had forgot : I ask your pardon.

Bayes. O, d'ye so, Sir ? I am glad you will confess your selfe once in an error, Mr. *Smith*.

Dance.

K. Vsb. Resplendent *Pallas*, we in thee do find
The fiercest Beauty, and a fiercer mind :
And since to thee *Lardella's* life we owe,
We'll supple Statues in thy Temple grow.

K. Phys.

K. Phys. Well, since alive *Lardella's* found,
Let, in full Boles, her Health go round.

[The two Usurpers take each of them a Bolé in their hands.

K. Ush. but where's the Wine?

Pal. That shall be mine.

Lo, from this conquering Lance,
Does flow the purest Wine of France: *Fills the Boles*
And, to appease your hunger, I *out of her Lance.*
Have, in my Helmet, brought a Pye:
Lastly, to bear a part with these,
Behold a Buckler made of Cheese. *[vanish Pallas.*

Bayes. There's the Banquet. Are you satisfid now,
Sir?

Johns. By my troth, now, that is new, and more than I
expected.

Bayes. Yes, I knew this would please you: for the chief Art
in Poetry is to elevate your expectation, and then bring you
off some extraordinary way.

Enter Drawcanfir.

K. Phys. What man is this, that dares disturb our Feast?

Draw. He that dares drink, and for that drink dares dye,
And, knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.

Johns. That is, Mr. Bayes, as much as to say, that tho he
would rather die than not drink, yet he would fain drink
for all that too.

Bayes. Right; that's the concept on't.

Johns. 'Tis a marvellous good one. I swear.

Bayes. Now there are some Critics that have advis'd me to
put out the Second *Dare*, and print *Must* in the place on't;
but, I gad, I think 'tis better thus a great deal.

Johns. Whoo! a thousand times.

Bayes. Go on then.

K. Ush. Sir, if you please, we should be glad to know,

How long you here will stay, how soon you'l go?

Bayes. Is not that now like a well bred person, I gad? So
modest, so gent!

Smi. O, very like.

Draw. You shall not know how long I here will stay;
But you shall know, I'll take your Bowles away.

{ Snatches the Bowles out of the Kings' hands, and drinks 'em off.

Smi. But, Mr. *Bayes*, is that (too) modest and gent?

Bayes. No, I gad, Sir, but it's great.

K. Vsh. Tho, Brother, this grum stanger be a Glown,
He'll leave us, sure, a little to gulp down.

Draw. Who e'er to gulp one drop of this dares think
I'll stare away his very pow'r to drink.

*{ The two Kings sneak off the Stage;
with their Attendants.*

I drink I huff, I strut, look big and stare;

And all this I can do, because I dare.

[Exit

Smi. I suppose, Mr. *Bayes*, this is the fierce *Hero* you spoke of.

Bayes. Yes; but this is nothing: you shall see him, in the last Act, win above a dozen Battles, one after another, I gad, as fast as they can possible come upon the Stage.

Johns. That will be, a sight worth the seeing indeed.

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, why do you make the Kings let him use 'em so scurvily?

Bayes. Phoo! that is to raise the character of *Drawcanfir*.

Johns. O' my word, that was well thought on.

Bayes. Now, Sirs I'll shew you a Scene indeed; or rather, indeed, the Scene of Scenes. 'Tis an Heroic Scene.

Smi. And pray, Sir, what's your design in this Scene?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my design is gilded Truncheons, forc'd conceipt, smooth Verse, and a Rant: In fine, if this Scene do not take, I gad, I'll write no more. Come, come in, Mr. — a — nay, come in as many as you can. Gentlemen, I must desire you to remove a little, for I must fill the Stage.

Smi. Why fill the Stage?

Bayes. O, Sir, because your Heroic Verse never sounds well, but when the Stage is full.

SCENA II.

Enter Prince Pretty-man, and Prince Volsciüs.

NAY, hold, hold; pray by your leave a little. Look you, Sir, the drift of this Scene is somewhat more than ordinary: for I make 'em both fall out because they are not in love with the same Woman.

Sm. Not in love? you mean, I suppose, because they are in love, *Mr. Bayes?*

Bayes. No, Sir; I say not in love: there's a new conceipt for you. Now speak.

Pret. Since fate, Prince *Volsciüs*, now has found the way

For our so long'd for meeting here this day,

Lend thy attention to my grand concern.

Volf. I gladly would that story from thee learn;

But thou to love dost *Pretty-man*, incline;

Yet love in thy breast is not love in mine?

Bayes. *Antithesis!* Thine and mine.

Pret. Since love it self's the same, why should it be

Diff'ring in you from what it is in me?

Bayes. Reasoning! I gad, I love reasoning in verse.

Volf. Love takes *Cameleon-like*, a various dye

From every Plant on which it self does lye.

Bayes. *Simile!*

Pret. Let not thy love the course of Nature fright:

Nature does most in harmony delight.

Volf. How weak a *Deity* would nature prove

Contending with the powerful God of Love?

Bayes. There's a great Verse!

Volf. If license thou wilt offer at the Shrine

Of mighty Love, burn it to none but mine.

Her Rosie-lips eternal sweets exhale;

And her bright flames make all flames else look pale.

Bayes. I gad that is right.

Pret.

The Rehearsal

Pret. Perhaps dull Incense may thy love suffice;
But mine must be adord with Sacrifice.
All hearts turn albes which her eyes controul;
The Body they consume as well as Soul.

Vols. My love has yet a power more Divine;
Victims her Altars burn not, but refine;
Amidst the flames they ne're give up the Ghost.
But, with her looks, revive still as they roast.
In spite of pain and death, they're, kept alive;
Her fiery eyes makes 'em in fire survive.

Bayes. That is as well, I gad, as I can do.

Vols. Let my *Parthenope* at length prevail.

Bayes. Civil, I gad.

Pret. I'll sooner have a passion for a Whale:

In whose vast bulk, tho store of Oyl doth lye,
We find more shape, more beauty in a Fly,

Smi. That's uncivil, I gad.

Bayes. Yes; but as far a fetch'd fancy, tho, I gad, as 're you
faw.

Vols. Soft, *Pretty-man*, let not thy vain pretence
Of perfect love, defame loves excellence.

Parthenope is sure, as far above

All other loves, as above all is Love.

Bayes. Ah! I gad, that strikes me.

Pret. To blame my *Cloris*, Gods would not pretend.

Bayes. Now mark.

Vols. Were all Gods join'd, they could not hope to mend
My better choice: for fair *Parthenope*,
Gods would, themselves, no-god themselves to see.

Bayes. Now the Rant's a coming.

Pret. Durst any of the Gods be so uncivil,

I'd make that God subscribe himself a Devil.

Bayes. Ah, Godfookers, that's well writ!

[Scratching his head, his Perruque falls off.]

Vols. Could'st thou that God from Heav'n to Earth translate,
He could not fear to want a Heav'nly State
Parthenope, on Earth, can Heav'n create.

Pret.

Pres. *Chorus* does Heav'n it self so far excel,

She can transcend the joys of Heav'n in Hell.

Bayes. There's a bold flight for you now ! 'Sdeath, I have lost my Ferruke. Well, Gentlemen, this is that I never yet saw any one could write, but my self. Here's true spirit and flame all through, I gad. So, So ; pray clear the Stage.

[*He puts 'em off the Stage.*]

Johns. I wonder how the coxcomb has got the knack of writing smooth Verse thus.

Sm. Why there's no need of brain for this : 'tis but scanning the labour's in the finger ; but where's the sense of it ?

Johns. O, for that, he desires to be excus'd : he is too proud a man to creep servily after Sense, I assure you. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, why is this Scene all in Verse ?

Bayes. O, Sir, the subject is too great for Prose.

Sm. Well said, I faith. I'll give thee a pot of Ale for that answer : 'tis well worth it.

Bayes. Come, with all my heart. I'll make that God subscribe himself a Devil. That single line, I gad, is worth all that my brother Poets ever writ. Let down the Curtain.

[*Exeunt.*]

Fims Actus Quarti.

ACTUS V. SCENAE.

Bayes, and the two Gentlemen.

Bayes. **N**OW, Gentlemen, I will be bold to say, I'll shew you the greatest Scene that ever England saw : I mean not for words, for those I do not value ; but for state, shew, and magnificence. In fine I'll justifie it to be as grand to the eye every whit, I gad, as that great Scene in *Harry the Eighth*, and grander too, I gad ; for instead

of

of two Bishops, I bring in here four Cardinals.

(The Curtain is drawn up, the two usurping Kings appear in State, with the four Cardinals, Prince Pretty-man, Prince Volscius, Amarillis, Cloris, Parthenope, &c. before them, Herald and Serjeants at Arms with Maces.)

Sm. Mr. Bayes, pray what is the reason that two of the Cardinals are in Hats, and the other in Caps?

Bayes. Why, Sir, because — By gad, I won't tell you. Your Country friend, Sir, grows so troublesome.

K. Vls. Now, Sir, to the business of the day.

K. Phys. Speak *Volscius*.

Vols. Dread Sovereign Lords, my zeal to you, must not invade my duty to your Son; let me intreat that great Prince *Pretty-man* first do speak: whose high preheminance, in all things that do bear the name of good, may justly claim that privilege.

Bayes. Here it begins to unfold: you may perceive, now, that he is his Son.

Johns. Yes, Sir; and we are very much beholding to you for that discovery.

Pret. Royal Father, upon my knees I beg,

That the illustrious *Volscius* first be heard.

Vols. That preference is only due to *Amarillis*, Sir.

Bayes. I'll make her speak very well, by and by, you shall see.

Ama. Invincible Sovereigns — *[Soft Musc.]*

K. Vls. But stay, what sound is this invades our ears?

K. Phys. Sure 'tis the Musick of the moving Spheres.

Pret. Behold, with wonder, yonder comes from far

A God like-Cloud, and a triumphant Carr:

In which, our two right Kings sit one by one,

With Virgin Vests, and Laurel Garlands on.

K. Vls. Then, Brother *Phys*, 'tis time we should begon.

(The two Usurpers steal out of the Throne, and go away.)

Bayes.

Bayes. Look you now, did not I tell you that this would be as easie a change as the other?

Smi. Yes, faith, you did so; tho' I confess, I could not believe you; but you have brought it about, I see.

*{ The two right Kings of Brentford descend in the
Clouds, singing in white garments; and three
Fiddlers sitting before them, in green.*

Bayes. Now, because the two right Kings descend from above, I make 'em sing to the Tune and Stile of our modern Spirits.

1 King. Haste, Brother King, we are sent from above.

2 King. Let us move, let us move;

Move to remove the Fate

Of Brentford's long united State.

1 King. Tarra, tan tara, full East and by South,

2 King. We sail with Thunder in our mouth,

In scorching noon day, whil't the traveller 'stays,

Busie, busie, busie, busie, we bustle a long.

Mounted upon warm *Phxbus* his Rayes,

Through the Heavenly throng,

Hasting to those

Who will feast us; at night, with a Pigs Petty-toes.

1 King. And we'll fall with our pate

In an Ollie of hate.

2 King. But now supper's done, the Servitors try,

Like Souldiers, to storm a whole half-moon-pye.

1 King. They gather, they gather hot Custard in spoons,

But Alas, I must leave these half-moons,

And repair to my trusty Dragoons.

2 King. O stay, for you need not as yet go astray;

The Tyde, like a friend, has brought ships in our way,

And on their high ropes we will play.

Like Maggots in Filberds, we'll snug in our shell,

We'll frisk in our shell

We'll firk in our shell,

And farewell,

H

1 King.

1 King. But the Ladies have all inclination to dance,
And the green Frogs croak out a Coranto of *France*.

Bayes. Is not that pretty, now? The Fiddlers are all in green.

Smi. I, but they play no Coranto.

Johns. No, but they play a Tune, that's a great deal better.

Bayes. No Coranto, quoth a! that's a good one, with all my heart, Come, sing on,

2 King. Now Mortals that hear
How we Tilt and Carreer,
With wonder will fear

The event of such things as shall never appear.

1 King. Stay you to fulfil what the Gods have decreed.

2 King. Then call me to help you, if there shall be need.

1 King. So firmly resoly'd is a true *Brentford* King
To save the distressed, and help to 'em bring,
That ere a Full-pot of good Ale you can swallow,
He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla.

[*Bayes phillips his finger, and sings after 'em.*]

Bayes. He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla.
This, Sir, you must know, I thought once to have brought in
with a Conjuror.

Johns. I, that would have been better.

Bayes. No, faith, not when you consider it: for thus 'tis
more compendious, and does the thing every whit as well.

Smi. Thing! what thing?

Bayes. Why, bring 'em down again into the Throne, Sir;
what thing would you have?

Smi. Well; but, methinks the Sence of this Song is not very plain.

Bayes. Plain? why did you ever hear any people in Clouds
speak plain? They must be all for flight of fancie, at its full
range, without the least check, or controul upon it. When
once you tie up sprits, and people in Clouds to speak plain,
you spoil all.

Smi. Bless me, what a Monster's this!

{ *The two Kings light out of the Clouds, and*
{ *step into the Throne.*

1 King. Come, now to serious counsel we'll advance

2 King. I do agree; but first, let's have a Dance.

Bayes. Right. You did that very well, Mr. Cartwright. But first, let's have a Dance. Pray remember that; be sure you do it a'ways just so: for it must be done as if it were the effect of thought, and premeditation. But first, let's have a Dance. Pray remember that.

Smi. Well, I can hold no longer, I must gag this rogue; there's no induring of him.

Johns. No, pr'thee make use of thy patience a little longer: let's see the end of him now.

[Dance a grand Dance.

Bayes. This, now; is an ancient Dance, of right belonging to the Kings of Brentford; but since deriv'd, with a little alteration, to the Inns of Court.

An Alarm. Enter two Herlads.

1 King. What sawcie Groom molests our privacies?

1 Her. The Army's at the door, and in disguise,

Desires a word with both your Majesties:

2 Her. Having from Knights Bridge hither march'd by stealth,

2 King. Bid 'em attend a while, and drink our health:

Smi. How, Mr. Bayes? the Army in disguise?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, for fear the Usurpers might discover them that went out but just now.

Smi. Why, what if they had discover'd them?

Bayes. Why, then they had broke the design.

1 King. Here, take five Guineys for those warlike men,

2 King. And here's five more; that makes the sum just ten

1 Her. We have not seen so much the Lord knowes when..

[Exeunt Herlads.

1 King. Speak on, brave Amarillis.

Ama. Invincible Sovereigns, blame not my modesty,

If at this grand conjuncture —

[Drum beat behind the Stage.

1 King. What dreadful noise is this that comes and goes?

Enter a Souldier with his Sword drawn.

Sould. Haste hence, great Sirs, your Royal persons save,

H 2

For

For the event of war no mortal knowes:
The Army, wrangling for the gold you gave,
First fell to words and then to handy-blows. [Exit.

Bayes. Is not that now a pretty kind of a Stanza, and a handsome come off?

2-King. O dangerous estate of Sovereign pow'r!
Obnoxious to the change of every hour.

1 King. Let us for shelter in our Cabinet stay:
Perhaps these threatening storms may pass away.

[Exeunt:

Johns. But Mr. Bayes, did not you promise us, just now, to make *Amarillis* speak very well.

Bayes. Ay, and so she would have done, but that they hinder'd her.

Smi. How, Sir, whether you would or no?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, the Plot lay so that, I vow to gad, it was not to be avoided.

Smi. Marry, that was hard.

Johns. But, pray, who hinder'd her?

Bayes. Why, the battel, Sir, that's just coming in at door: And I'll tell you now a strange thing, tho I don't pretend to do more than other men, I gad, I'll give you both a whole week to guess how I'll represent this Battel.

Smi. I had rather be bound to fight your Battel, I assure you, Sir.

Bayes. Whoo! there's it now: fight a Battel? there's the common error. I knew presently where I should have you. Why pray, Sir, do but tell me this one thing; Can you think it a decent thing, in a Battel before Ladies, to have men run their Swords through one another, and all that?

Johns. No, faith, 'tis not civil.

Bayes. Right on the other side; to have a long relation of Squadrons here, and Squadrons there: what is it but dull prolixity?

Johns. Excellently reason'd by my troth!

Bayes. Wherefore, Sir, to avoid both those Indidicums, I sum up my whole Battel in the representation of two persons only,

only, no more: and yet so lively, that, I vow to gad, you would swear ten thousand men were at it really engag'd. Do you mark me?

Sm. Yes, Sir; but I think I should hardly swear tho, for all that.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, but you would, tho, when you see it: for I make 'em both come out in Armor Cap-a-pea, with their Swords drawn, and hung, with a scarlet Ribbon at their wrists, (which you know, represents fighting enough.)

Johns. I, I; so much, that, if I were in your place I would mak 'em go out again without ever speaking one word.

Bayes. No; there you are out: for I make each of 'em hold a Lute in his hand.

Sm. How Sir? instead of a Buckler?

Bayes. O Lord, O Lord! instead of a Buckler? Pray Sir do you ask no more questions. I make 'em, Sir, play the battel in *Recitativo*. And here's the conceipt. Just at the very same instant that one sings, the other, Sir, recovers you his Sword, and puts himself in a warlike posture: so that you have at once your ear entertained with Musie and good Language; and your eye satisfied with the garb, and accoutrements of war.

Sm. I confess, Sir, you stupifie me.

Bayes. You shall see.

Johns. But Mr. Bayes, might not we have a little fighting? for I love those playes, where they cut and slash one another upon the Stage, for a whole hour together.

Bayes. Why, then, to tell you true I have contriv'd it both wayes. But you shall have my *Recitativo* first.

Johns. I, now you are right: there is nothing then can be objected against it.

Bayes. True: and so, I gad, I'll make it, too, a Tragedy, in a trice.

*Enter, at several doors, the General, and
Lieutenant General, arm'd Cap-a-pe, with
each of them a Lute in his hand, and his
sword drawn, and hung with a scarlet Rib-
bon at his wrist.*

Lieut. Gen. Villain, thou'lt.

Gen. Arm, arm, *Gonsalvo*, arm; what ho?

The lye no flesh can brook I trow.

Lieut. Gen.

Lieut. Gen. Advance, from *Alton*, with the Musquetiers!

Gen. Draw down the *Chelsey* Curiafiers.

Lieut. Gen. The Band you boast of, *Chelsey* Curiafiers,
Shall, in my *Parney* Pikes, now meet their Peers?

Gen. *Chiswickians*, aged, and renown'd in fight,
Join with the *Hammer-smith* Brigade.

Lieut. Gen. You'll find my *Mortlake* Boys will do them right,
Unless by *Fulham* numbers over-jaid.

Gen. Let the left-wing of *Twickenam* Foot advance,
And line that Eastern hedge.

Lieut. Gen. The Horse I rais'd in *Petty-France*
Shall try their chance.

And scour the *Meadows*, overgrown with *Sedge*.

Gen. Stand: give the word!

Lieut. Gen. Bright Sword!

Gen. That may be thine,
But 'tis not mine.

Lieut. Gen. Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,
And let those recreant Troops perceive mine ire.

Gen. Pursue, pursue, they fly
That first did give the lie. [Exeunt

Bayes. This, now, is not improper, I think, because the
Spectators know all these Towns, and may easily conceive
them to be within the Dominions of the two Kings of *Brentford*.

Johns. Molt exceeding well design'd!

Bayes. How do you think I have contriv'd to give a stop
to this battle?

Smr. How?

Bayes. By an Eclipse: Which, let me tell you, is a kind of
fancy that was yet never so much as thought of, but by my self,
and one person more, that shall be nameless.

Enter Lieutenant General.

Lieut. Gen. What mid-night darkness does invade the day
And snatch the Victor from his conquer'd prey?

Is the Sun weary of this bloody light,
And winks upon us with the eye of light?

'Tis

'Tis an Eclipse. This was unkind, O Moon,
To clap between me, and the Sun so soon.

Foolish Eclipse: thou this in vain hast done:

My brighter honour had Eclips'd the Sun:

But now behold Eclipses two in one. [Exit.

Johns. This is an admirable representation of a Battel, as ever I saw.

Bayes. I, Sir. But how would you fancy now to represent an Eclipse?

Smi. Why, that's to be suppos'd.

Bayes. Suppos'd! Ay, you are ever at your suppose: ha, ha, ha. Why you may as well suppose the whole Play. No, it must come in upon the Stage, that's certain; but in some odd way, that may delight, amuse, and all that. I have a conceipt for't, that I am sure is new, and, I believe to the purpose.

Johns. How's that?

Bayes. Why, the truth is, I took the first hint of this out of a Dialogue, between *Phæbus* and *Aurora* in the *Slighted Maid*: which by my troth, was very pretty; but I think, you'll confess this is a little better.

Johns. No doubt on't, Mr. Bayes. A great deal better.

[Bayes, bugs Johnson, then turns to Smith:

Bayes. Ah dear Rogue: but—a—Sir, you have heard I suppose, that your Eclipse of the Moon, is nothing else, but an interposition of the Earth, between the Sun and Moon: as likewise your Eclipse of the Sun is caus'd by an interlocation of the Moon, betwixt the Earth and Sun?

Smi. I have heard some such thing indeed.

Bayes. Well, Sir, then what do me I, but make the Earth, Sun, and Moon, come out upon the Stage, and dance the Hey: hum; And, of necessity, by the very nature of this Dance, the Earth must be sometimes between the Sun and the Moon, and the Moon between the Earth and Sun; and there you have both your Eclipses, by demonstration.

Johns. That must needs be very fine truly.

Bayes. Yes, it has fancy in't. And then, Sir, that there

may be something in't too of a Joone, I bring 'em in all singing, and make the Moon sell the Earth a bargain. Come, come out Eclipse to the Tune of *Tam Tyler*.

Enter Luna.

Luna. Orbis, O Orbis.

Come to methou little rogue Orbis.

Enter the Earth.

Orb. Who calls *Terra firma*, pray?

Luna. Luna that ne'r shines by day.

Orb. What means Luna in a veil?

Luna. Luna means to shew her tail.

Bayes. There's the bargain,

Enter Sol, to the Tune of Robin Hood.

Sol. Fie, Sister, fie; thou mak'st me mause.

Cerry, derry down.

To see the Orb abuse.

Luna. I hope his anger 'twill not move.

Since I shew'd it out of love.

Hey down derry down.

Orb. Where shall I thy true love know,

Thou pretty, pretty Moon?

Luna. Tomorrow soon, ere it be noon,

On Mount *Jesuvio*.

[*Bis.*

Sol. Then I will shine.

[*To the Tune of Trenchmore.*

Orb. And I will be fine.

Luna. And I will drink nothing but Lippary wine.

Omnes. And we, &c.

[*As they Dance the Hey, Bayes speaks.*

Bayes. Now the earth's before the Moon; now the Moon's before the Sun: there's the Eclipse again.

Sm. He's mightily taken with this I see.

Johns. I, 'tis so extraordinary, how can he chuse?

Bayes. So, now, vanish Eclipse, and enter t'other Battle, and fight. Here now, if I am not mistaken, you will see fighting enough.

A bat.

The Rehearsal.

57

A battel is fought between foot and great Hobb
horses. At last, Drawcansir comes in and kills
em all on both sides. All this while the Battel is
fighting Bayes is telling them when to shout, and
shouts with em.

Draw. Others may boast a single man to kill;
But I, the blood of thousands daily spill.
Let petty Kings the names of Parties know:
Where e'er I come, I slay both friend and foe.
The swiftest Horsemen my swift rage controuls,
And from their Bodies drives their trembling souls:
If they had wings, and to the Gods could flie,
I would pursue and beat 'em through the skie:
And make proud Jove, with all his Thunder, see
This single Arm more dreadful is, than he.

[Exit.

Bayes. There's a brave fellow for you now, Sirs. You may
talk of your *Hector*, and *Achilles*, and I know not who; but I
defie all your Histories, and your Romances too, to shew me
one such Conqueror, as this *Drawcansir*.

Johns. I swear, I think you may.

Smi. But Mr. Bayes, how shall all these dead men go off? for I
see none alive to help 'em.

Bayes. go off! why, as they came on, upon their legs: how
should they go off? Why do you think the people here don't
know they are not dead? He is mighty ignorant, poor man; your
friend here is very silly, Mr. *Johnson*, I gad, he is. ha, ha, ha.
Come, Sir, I'll shew you how they shall go off. Rise, rise, Sirs,
and go about your business. There's go off for you now, Ha,
ha, ha. Mr. *Ivory*, a word, Gentlemen, I'll be with you pre-
sently.

[Exit.

Johns. Will you so? then we'll be gone.

Smi. I, pr'ythee let's go, that we may preserve our hearing.
One Battel more will take mine quite away.

[Exeunt.

Enter Bayes and Players.

Bayes. Where are the Gentlemen?

1 Play.

1 Play. They are gone, Sir.

Bayes. Gone! Sooth, this late Act is best of all. I'll go fetch 'em again. [Exit.]

1 Play. What shall we do, now he is gone away?

2 Play. Why, so much the better; then let's go to dinner.

3 Play. Stay, here's a foul piece of paper of his. Let's see what 'tis.

3 or 4 Play. I, I; come let's hear it.

Reads.

The Argument of the Fifth Act,

3 Play. *Cloris* at length, being sensible of Prince *Pretty-man's* passion, consents to marry him; but, just as they are going to Church, Prince *Pretty-man* meeting, by chance, with old *Joan* the Chandlers widow, and remembering it was she that first brought him acquainted with *Cloris*: out of a high point of honour, brake off his match with *Cloris*, and marries old *Joan*. Upon which, *Cloris*, in despair, drowns her self: and Prince *Pretty-man*, discontentedly, walkes by the River side. This will never do: 'tis just like the rest. Come, let's begone.

[Exit.]

Most of the Play. Ay, pox on't, let's go away.

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. A plague on 'em both for me, they have made me sweat, to run after 'em. A couple of senceless raskals, that had rather go to dinner then see this play out, with a pox to 'em. What comfort has a man to write for such dull rogues? Come Mr. ——— Where are you, Sir? come away quick, quick.

Enter Stage-keeper.

Stage. Sir, they are gone to dinner.

Bayes. Yes, I know the Gentlemen are gone; but I ask for the Players.

Stage. Why, an't please your worship, Sir, the Players are gone to dinner too.

Bayes. How! are the Players gone to Dinner? 'Tis impossible.

possible : the Players gone to dinner I gad, if they are, I'll make 'em know what it is to injure a person that does 'em the honour to write for 'em, and all that. A company of proud, conceited, humorous, cross-grain'd persons, and all that. I gad, I'll make 'em the most contemptible, despicable, inconsiderable persons, and all that, in the whole world for this trick. I gad I'll be reveng'd on 'em; I'll sell this play to the other House.

Stage Nay, good Sir, don't take a way the Book; you'll disappoint the company that comes to see it acted here, this afternoon.

Bayes. That's all one. I must reserve this comfort to myself, my Play and I shall go together, we will not part indeed, Sir.

Stage. But what will the Town say, Sir?

Bayes. The Town! why, what care I for the Town? I gad, the Town has us'd me as scurvily, as the Players have done: but I'll be reveng'd on them too; for I'll Lampoon 'em all. And Since they will not admit of my Play, they shall know what a Satyrist I am. And so farewell to this Stage, I gad, for ever.

[Exit Bayes.]

Enter Players.

1 *Play*. Come then, let's set up Bills for another Play:

2 *Pay*. I, I; we shall lose nothing by this I warrant you.

1 *Play*. I am of your opinion. But before we go, let's see *Haynes* and *hirley* practise the last dance; for that may serve us another time.

2 *Play*. I'll call 'em in: I think they are but in the Tiring-room.

The Dance done.

1 *Play*. Come, come; let's go away to dinner.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

EPILOGUE

THe Play is at an end, but where's the Plot?
 This circumstance our Poet Bayes forgot,
 And we can boast, tho' tis a plotting Age,
 No place is freer from it than the Stage.
 The Ancients plotted, yea, and strove to please
 With sense that might be understood with ease;
 They every Scene with much wit did store,
 That who brought him in, went out with more:
 But this new way of wit does so surprise,
 Men lose their wits in wondering where it lyes.
 If it be true, this Monstrous birth's presage
 The following mischief, that afflict the Age,
 And sad disasters to the State proclaim,
 Plays without head or tail, may do the same.
 Wherefore, for ours, and for the Kingdoms peace,
 May this prodigious way of writing cease.
 Let it have, at least, once in our lives, some time
 When we may hear some reason, not all Rymes;
 We have these ten years felt it's Influence;
 Pray, let this prove a year of Prose and Sense.

S I N I F